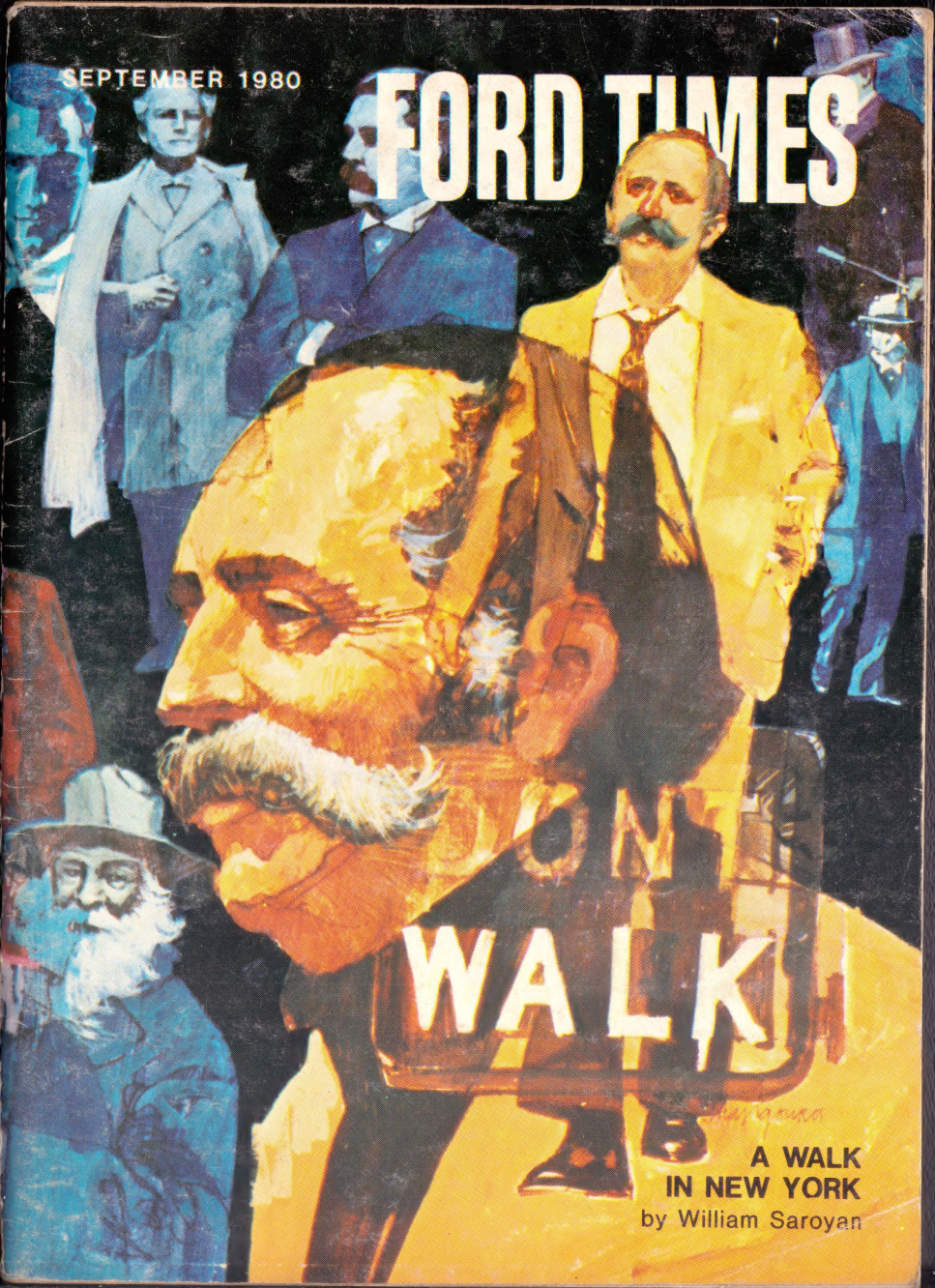


SEPTEMBER 1980

FORD TIMES



ONT WALK

A WALK
IN NEW YORK
by William Saroyan

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FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

September 1980, Vol. 73, No. 9

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Cover: "To walk anywhere is both a pleasure and a privilege, but a walk in New York constitutes for me a kind of inexplicable if unimportant achievement of personal immortality," says William Saroyan in the story beginning on page 2. Illustration by Thomas Sgouros.

A WALK IN NEW YORK

by William Saroyan

illustrations by
Thomas Sgouros



*"In California I
heard the talk,
and there was never
any doubt where
I wanted to go:
New York
where the immigrants
first walked in
America"*

THERE ARE TIMES during long walks in the streets of a great city when the walker feels he is walking with the dead, or rather with the deathless, for aren't the streets always full of people?

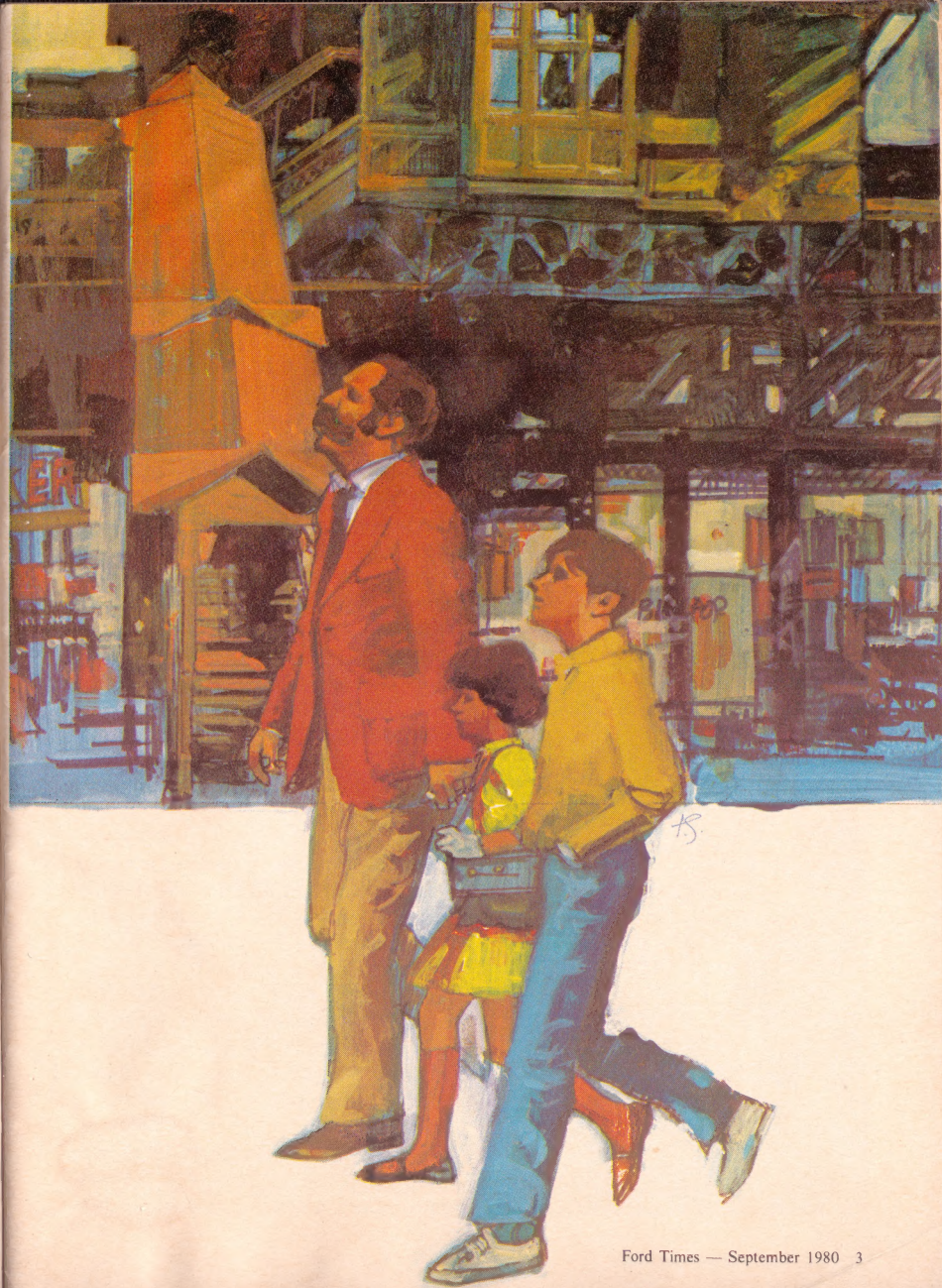
The walker feels he is walking through the everlasting world itself, made of light and night, secret and riddle.

To walk anywhere is both a pleasure and a privilege, but a walk in New York constitutes for me a kind of inexplicable if unimportant achievement of personal immortality.

To begin with, New York was where the Europeans stepped off the boat, where my father did in 1905, and all the other immigrants of my family, from the highlands of Armenia. They had lived in Bitlis far back in time, beyond memory, but now they were in New York. Whenever they met in the streets *the word* was a look, rather than anything spoken. The Bowery was where they found their first American rooms, and there that they walked, along with the immigrants from Spain, Italy, Serbia, Greece, Romania, Bulgaria, Poland, Lithuania and all the other places of Europe.

They were kids, most of them, when they reached New York. They

William Saroyan, a contributor to Ford Times for nearly 30 years, is one of the most highly regarded American authors of this century and has produced a wealth of plays, novels, short stories and memoirs.





found work and sent money home so that other members of a family might make the long voyage away from home, too. A man and his wife and kids were re-united in New York after a separation of a year or two, and then they considered where to settle for good. Many stayed in New York as if the first place was the best, too. But others went up to the industrial cities of New England, down to Pittsburgh, or over to Detroit, Chicago, and on and on to the cities of the Far West. But wherever they went, New York was always in their memories. They never stopped talking about it.

In California I heard the talk, and there was never any doubt in my mind where I wanted to go: New York, where the immigrants first walked in America.

I finally reached New York from California in 1928, a few days before I was 20 years old. I saw the streets my father saw in 1905 when he was 31.

At the New York Hotel, not far from the Bowery, I took a room for which the rent was \$3 a week. Nearby was the famous Woolworth Building, the wholesale produce district, the Hudson River and the docks.

At the Public Library on Fifth Avenue I examined a directory for the address of the widow of the man after whom I had been named, William, and one afternoon, after work at the Postal Telegraph office on Warren Street in the wholesale produce district, I knocked at the door of a house on a quiet street in Brooklyn. The

door was opened by a handsome woman of 60 or 70 who said very quietly, "You are Armenak Saroyan's son. Please come in."

She told me about my father's life in New York, and she mentioned a Church of All Nations, where my father had been employed as a janitor, but where all the same he gave a number of sermons in English. She also mentioned that he had written for *The Christian Herald*, and had been her husband's assistant in his work of finding rooms and employment for newly-arrived immigrants from Europe.

The following day I found the Church of All Nations in the Bowery and spent some time there, a poor churchman myself, a disbeliever in fact, a writer seeking out and studying his material, but I could not feel anything but respect and affection for

that little church and for the man who had befriended my father and thousands of other immigrants: William Stonehill, D.D.S.

To this day any time I am in New York I walk to the Bowery, aware that my father walked there long ago, and that I first walked there in 1928, and that my son and daughter walked with me there 20 years later.

A walk in a big city should have no time limit, but that doesn't mean that the walker might not choose to walk swiftly. The fact is that after the first half hour I tend to pick up a swift pace which is maintained until I reach a place I want to study carefully.

A walk may have style no less than a work of writing. A lucky walk can be unforgettable, as if it were in fact a story, play, piece of music or series of paintings, drawings, lithographs or photographs.



A long swift walk can carry the walker into an area near sleep. There are few walkers who, at one time or another during a long walk, do not get near one order or another of dream-like experience — as when suddenly the walker comes face to face with somebody he hadn't seen in years, a person, an instant earlier, he *knew* he would see in a moment.

He will feel that this accidental meeting happened precisely this way before.

But where? Was it in sleep? If so, sleep of long ago, or sleep of an instant ago, while he walked? Is sleep continuous in a man from the time he draws his first breath to the time he breathes his last?

On my walks in the Bowery I like to step into one or another of the bars for a glass of draft beer and the company of the drinkers there, and I have never felt that I have been slumming. I have felt as much at home as I have felt anywhere else, and I have found the conversation of the drinkers as true and reasonable as the talk of drinkers in other places.

To walk at all is to live. To walk in New York is to be immortal with the world and the deathless-dead.

What young ghosts of other walkers the walker greets as he goes: Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, Poe, Stephen Foster, O. Henry, Walt Whitman, Jack Johnson, Caruso, Knut Hamsun, George Bellows, Sousa, Ty Cobb, J. P. Morgan, Gorky, William Jennings Bryan, Eugene O'Neill, Christy Mathewson,

John Barrymore, Billy Sunday, Theodore Dreiser, George Gershwin, Babe Ruth.

What proud times and places the walker reaches one by one, each with its own indestructible family and lore: Carnegie, Mecca, Palace, Metropolitan, Greenwich, the Bowery, the Battery.

Best of all, what earnest and mirthful light and truth the walker sees and hears in the faces and voices of the children of the world at play in the streets: Little Annie Rooney and her Joe; Mamie O'Rourke; Rose of Washington Square; the kids of song and fable still alive and still in tender love with time, world and promise.

What sweet sorrow and shy dignity the walker sees in the eyes of lonely old men and old women at their park games, or gathered together under park trees to chat.

What eagerness and hope he notices in the eyes of the new immigrants.

What smells of cheese and bread and wine and garlic from the Italian grocer's. Of roast pork and duck and tea from the Chinese restaurant. Pizza, sukiyaki, paella, hamburgers, hot dogs.

What scents of fresh-caught fish, roasting coffee, baking bread, oranges from Florida, apples from Oregon, grapes from California, figs and raisins and dates and dried peaches and apricots.

What sweet fruit in the air to breathe, the whole world still alive and still hungry. □



MISSOURI NEON

It's hard to tell that neon is a dying art when
you drive through this state

story and photos by Pam Rosenberg and Dan Brennan

WHETHER on the backroads or on city streets, neon is everywhere. Colorfully lit hideaways and hangouts blushing beckon travelers to stop awhile. City neon winks to the passerby.

Few places have made such use of this bright spark of life as has Missouri, where much of the now nearly extinct

craft of neon fabrication began. During the 1920s, about one-third of all the neon manufacturing in the United States was centered in St. Louis. It was natural that neon would proliferate in the surrounding area. And the colorful spectacle still lives, although its youth is spent.

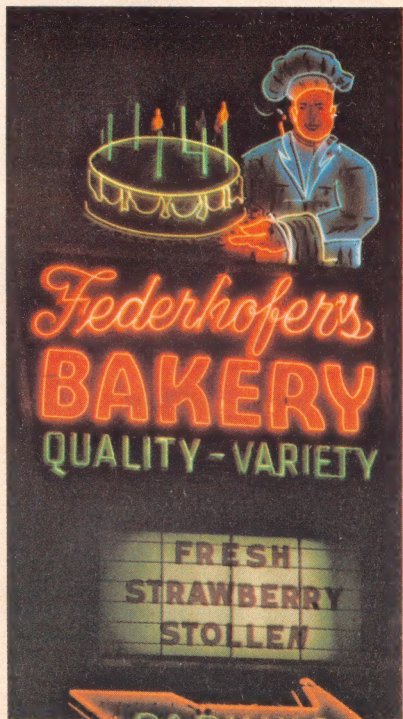
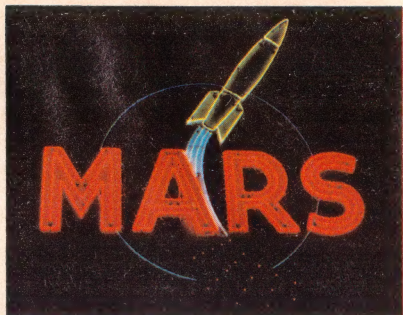
Neon lights the byway sanctuaries

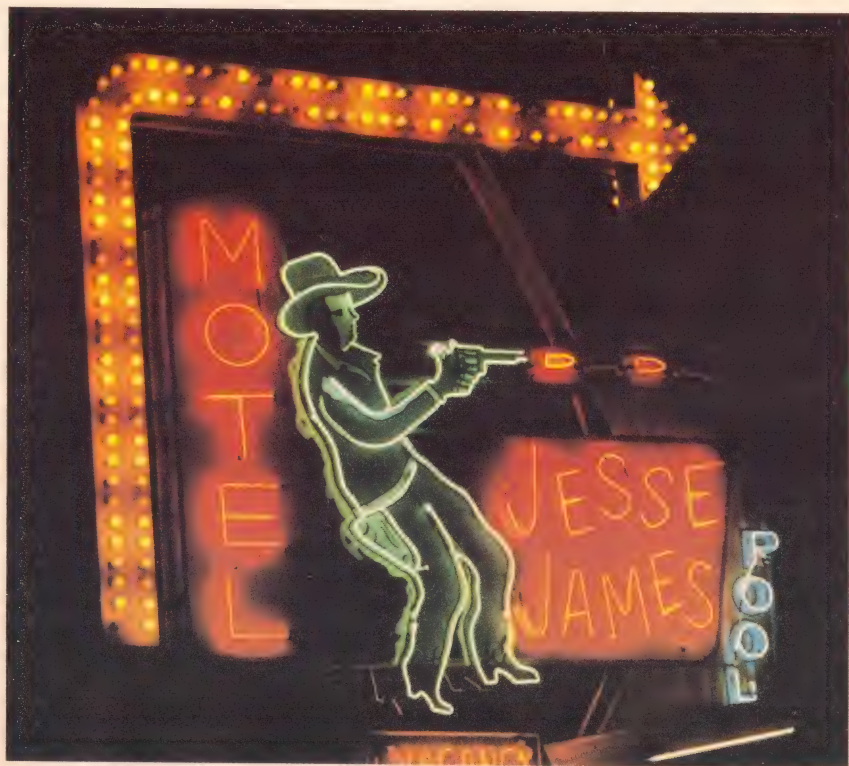
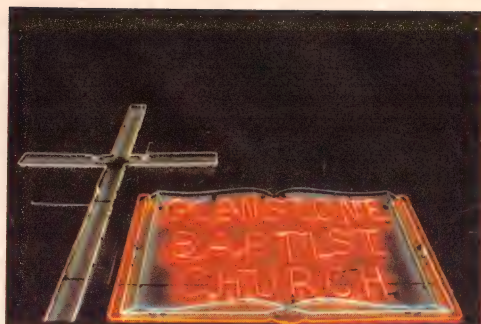
for the weary traveler. At the end of the highway, neon signs of the cities compete for attention. Urban neon is more spectacular, more aggressive, more elaborate and complex — sometimes truly a work of art in itself. It was that in the beginning. When neon made its debut in 1923, it combined the esthetic with the industrial. It was a perfect symbol of America's robustness.

Neon roared through the '20s and continued to represent progress and vitality in the early 1930s. Even during the Depression, neon signs lined every Broadway, Main Street and crossroads throughout the nation. More than 2,000 neon shops kept the industry alive and improving until World War II.

After that, neon as a skilled craft began to dim for two reasons: It seemed to reach a peak in design quality — it was hard to outdo what had already been done. And neon earned the perhaps undeserved reputation of being vulgar and gaudy in a time when plastic streamlining swept the nation. Shops began to close and craftsmen retired, leaving few to take their places.

But it's hard to tell that neon is a declining art when you're driving through Missouri. From the neon cross at the Glenstone Baptist Church in Springfield to the signs at Federhofer's Bakery in St. Louis and the Skylark Motel in the middle of nowhere, Missouri neon lives on, an aging lady whose charms refuse to fade. □





THE UNTEACHABLES

Making thespians out of this maximum-security English class wasn't easy



illustrations by Jared D. Lee

by Steve Brody

ONE YEAR I inherited a maximum-security English class referred to in hushed tones throughout the school as The Unteachables. They had been together since the ninth grade and were united in a common bond — an unyielding aversion to compulsory education.

Their leader was John Mantell, a hard-core underachiever who wore T-shirts even in the dead of winter, displaying a set of biceps that might have been sculpted by da Vinci. As a senior, John had been accepted into the Marines on an early-enlistment program and celebrated the event by having a belly dancer tattooed on each forearm. He thus earned the distinction of possessing the only X-rated forearms in the district.

Keeping The Unteachables engaged in educational endeavors for 45 minutes each day posed a major dilemma. Their attention spans would barely last through a TV commercial, and certain aspects of the English curriculum were met with downright hostility. Grammar, for instance, was a nonnegotiable no-no. Spelling was tolerated if the words weren't more than five letters long. Reading was grudgingly accepted, though I had to be selective in my choice of titles — books like *The Godfather*, *In Cold Blood*, or *The French Connection*.

I was determined, however, to expose the group to murder on a more

aesthetic level. One day I called John aside and asked how the class would sit for Shakespeare. John recoiled at the mention of Shakespeare. The belly dancers twitched impatiently.

Undaunted, I outlined the story of Julius Caesar and John's opposition to the idea gradually disappeared. He warmed considerably when I recounted the assassination, the ghost scene and the battle at Philippi. By the time I had finished, he was enthusiastic.

"Solid, real solid," he said, "When do we start?"

"How about tomorrow?"

John nudged my ribs. "Okay, but I gotta be Big Julie."

"The role of Caesar is rather limited," I explained. "He gets killed off in the first act."

"So we change it around a bit," said John. "I got a great idea. Before Julie heads for the office that day, he slips a rod under his garment. When these other characters pull out their blades, Julie whips out the hardware and knocks them off one by one."

I acknowledged that his suggestion had dramatic merit, but reminded John that the gun was an obvious anachronism. Besides, tampering with Shakespeare, I assured him, would be tantamount to heresy.

"Why not play Mark Antony?" I offered. "He's handsome, and very brave."

John agreed to play Mark Antony. The next day he presented the idea to the rest of the class.

"There's this character Julie Cae-



sar," began John, "who happens to be the main man in the old country. Some of his paisans think he's getting too big for his britches, so they rub him out and try to take over the territory. But Tony Boy, a close buddy of Julie's, gets the people on his side, and lets out a contract on The Brute, who was in charge of the bad guys. The Brute winds up with a blade in his belly, and Tony Boy's crowd takes over."

The class remained transfixed during John's presentation. They agreed without hesitation to do the play. Major roles were determined by arm wrestling, and rehearsals began at once.

As the players warmed to their tasks and scenes began to take shape, enthusiasm in the project ran high. News that The Unteachables were doing Shakespeare spread throughout the school. Mr. Swanson, the principal, attended a rehearsal and was elated. He proposed that the class per-

form the play in the auditorium before the entire student body. John and the rest of the group readily agreed.

On the day of the performance an air of excitement permeated the school. As the students filed into the auditorium, their mood was one of condescension. Many of them were clearly skeptical that The Unteachables were capable of worthily presenting a Shakespearean play. Their skepticism grew when the players made a pair of boo-boos in the opening scenes. The soothsayer got stage-fright and exclaimed, "Beware the ides of May!" During the assassination scene, Cassius dropped a jar of ketchup on the floor and it splattered across the footlights.

Several times, the audience grew openly derisive. When John assumed his position over Caesar's corpse to deliver the funeral oration, there was a smattering of catcalls in the auditorium.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen," began John, "lend me your ears." Then he stepped across the dead Caesar, and in a deviation from the script, said, "And if you characters out there don't lend me your ears, I'll step down and box a few of them personally."

Following this gentle admonition, a cathedral quiet settled over the auditorium, and the play proceeded to its finish without further disruption. When the last act was over, the applause and cheers were deafening.

John and his cast took nine curtain calls that day. There was a suspicion that many of the students in the audi-

ence were trying to prolong the affair to avoid going back to the classroom, but the consensus indicated that the great experiment had succeeded.

The group was now hooked on Shakespeare and clamored for more. In the succeeding weeks we went through four plays — *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *The Merchant of Venice* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Although the dramatizations were confined to the classroom, it failed to dampen their ardor. They had shed their “unteachable” image and were now referred to as The Shakespeares.

Exposure to the Bard’s works had a profound effect on John Mantell. While stationed in Guam, he found

time between his regular assignments to direct an acting group that toured the Marine bases. One day I received a brief note from him:

Deer Mr. B,

I thoght you mite like to know that we are rehursing to do King Hendry the Vth for the boys out here. Guess whose playing the part of Big Hank?

Your Trully,
John

P.S. Please excuze the speling. □



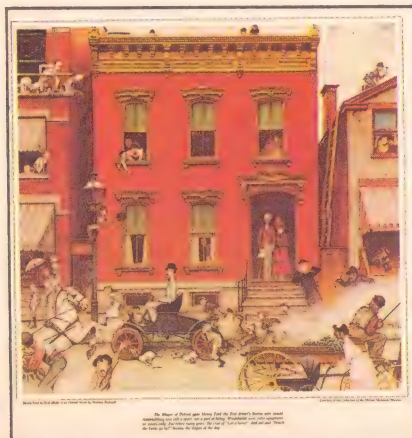
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TULSA



A unique city with a touch of "Okie from Muskogee"

by Tom Ladwig

illustrations by Bruce Bond



NOT A DALLAS, a Kansas City, a St. Louis and certainly not an Oklahoma City, its sibling rival a hundred or so miles down the Turner Turnpike to the southwest — Tulsa is its own city.

A Boston or a Baltimore, with their histories of generations piled one on another, wouldn't understand Tulsa.

Tulsa is Indians and oilmen, ballet and symphony, artists and museums, country western balladeers and a touch of "Okie from Muskogee."

It's even a waterfront.

And in four relatively short generations it spawned some of the world's richest men — the J. Paul Gettys and Skelleys and Phillippes along with a mind-boggling number of just plain millionaires.



Tulsa traces its origin to Old Tulsey Town and the Lachapoka Tulsa Stomp (dance) Grounds of the Creek Indians of northern Alabama. Around 1836, a farseeing medicine man gathered ashes from the stomp ground and carried them along the "Trail of Tears" to Indian Territory and to Tulsa's present site. The ritual fires were rekindled on the sacred ashes of Lachapoka Tulsa.

And Tulsa took off — a budding boomtown.

The name Tulsa is, of all things, derived from Tallahassee (as in Florida), a Creek Indian name composed of two words, "Talua," meaning "town," and "Hasi," or "old."

This combination became Tal-

lahassee and later, to white settlers, "Talassie," and "Talsi." In Alabama it became "Old Tulsee Town" and Tulsey Town. In Indian Territory, esthetically minded postal officials settled on "Tulsa." That was in 1879 and so it has been since.

A few years later the Red Fork oil field blew in and in 1905, the huge Glennpool gushed. Instant fortunes were common.

The new millionaires, a tough and individualistic breed, began building Tulsa with the same fervor with which they sought the black gold.

In 1905, with oil all over the place, Tulsans began looking for industry to round out their city. They got together a special four-car train and sent it to Illinois, Indiana and Ohio to tell the Tulsa story. On the train was young Bill Rogers, the son of a prominent rancher and banker. He was along to entertain prospective industrialists with a few rope tricks and some Oklahoma humor. Some years later he became internationally famous with the same tricks and humor, but as Will Rogers.

In its early days a financing device called "The Studhorse Note" was a factor in Tulsa's development. While no longer used, it is symbolic of the continuing public and private cooperation that keeps Tulsa building. The term represents a "no risk" arrangement for the city and probably comes from an old Pennsylvania custom by which farmers would band together to buy a stud to improve their horse stock. It was first used when oil

was discovered on the wrong side of Tulsa — across a river and no bridge. Three private investors ignored engineering advice and bridged the Arkansas River so that Tulsa could get to the oil and the oil get to Tulsa.

Many of the galleries, museums and other public-use facilities are the result of private gifts to appropriate government bodies. An example of this cooperation, on a grand scale, is the rebuilding of downtown Tulsa. In the 1960s the downtown was fast becoming "inner city." The Williams Company, a \$2 billion energy conglomerate, took a huge chunk of the worst area and built Williams Center that, so far, includes a 52-story office complex and a 400-room hotel with a connecting shopping center built around a large ice rink. Adjacent to the Williams Center is the \$19 million Performing Arts Center. Its construction was funded equally by private donations and a general obligation bond issue.

While the Center was being constructed, the city of Tulsa took the seven blocks of Main Street near the Center and turned them into a delightful shopping mall with winding brick walks, shade trees, picnic areas, gazebos, information kiosks — and waterfalls.

A short distance south of the Williams Center-Mall complex, a river park development is under way. The Keystone Dam to the northwest has tamed the Arkansas, and three low-water dams are planned to provide a lake area along Riverside Drive. Al-

ready joggers, runners, bikers, hikers and equestrians have nine miles of surfaced path. Picnic tables dot the area and a floating restaurant, an amphitheater and a shopping area are planned along the river banks.

Twenty miles from downtown Tulsa, the Port of Catoosa handles 13 million tons of barge cargo a year. Catoosa is connected to the Great Lakes, Gulf of Mexico and the world's seaways by the Mississippi, Arkansas and Verdigris rivers, and again it was the private-public cooperation, after

years of planning, dredging and building, that brought it all about.

In 1975, *Harper's Magazine* rated 50 American cities on their "livability," based on 24 factors, including crime rate, housing, education, clean air, affluence and amenities. Tulsa was judged the second most livable city, behind Seattle. Two years later, the University of Nebraska expanded on the *Harper's* study and this time Tulsa was No. 1. This past summer *The Futurist* magazine tested American cities to determine their "Eco-



monic Urban Distress." Tulsa had the least.

So, with Tulsa low on stress and high on livability, there seems to be something for everyone — almost. Last October, the national convention of Associated Press Managing Editors was held in Tulsa and had its urbane wrist slapped by the Alcoholic Beverage Commission for running a cash bar — a no-no under state liquor laws legislated more than 20 years ago.

While some Tulsans still like the steak-and-potato diet of boomtown days, the city's restaurants and clubs have added an impressive variety. Louisiane Restaurant, an old favorite, features seafood, Al Gebbs serves "not fancy" but interesting Cajun cooking, and Jamil's and Eddy's feature steaks and Lebanese hors d'oeuvres. Other well-known restaurants include the Chalkboard, The Rafters, Copper Oaks Club and Restaurant, and Benihana of Tokyo. One of the newer and popular night clubs is Ziegfield's which features top name entertainment.

With only 360,000 citizens, Tulsa may have more art galleries and museums than any other city in that population range. For openers, there's the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art — with a list of collections much more lively and exciting than the name indicates. The works of Western artists such as Frederic Remington and Charles Russell highlight collections illustrating the development of Western America. Audubon, George Catlin, Winslow

Homer and Willard Stone are represented by large collections.

Waite Phillips, an oil man, gave his Italian Renaissance-styled mansion, Philbrook, and 23 acres of formal gardens to Tulsa for an art museum. It now houses the Samuel H. Kress collection of Italian Renaissance paintings and sculpture. The George H. Tabor Chinese jade collection, the State of New Jersey collection of oil industry art and an internationally important collection of American Indian art are also at Philbrook.

The third largest collection of Judaica in the United States is housed in the Rebecca and Gershon Fenster Gallery of Jewish Art.

Tulsa Ballet Theater, one of the few major regional ballet companies in the United States, stages three major productions each year. Tulsans are proud of the five American Indian ballerinas from their city and state. Rosella Hightower, a Choctaw, is director of the Paris Opera Ballet. Moscelyne Larkin, a Shawnee-Peoria, is artistic co-director of Tulsa Ballet Theater, and Maria and Marjorie Tallchief, Osages, acquired national fame. Yvonne Chouteau, a Cherokee,



is co-director of the Dance Department at Oklahoma University.

The privately supported 43-year-old Tulsa Philharmonic Orchestra has attained a status that permits conductor and members to fuss at each other publicly.

And Tulsa foot-stomps to a lot of country western music. Bill Parker, a local disc jockey, has been named the top man in his trade three times by the Hollywood-based Academy of Country Music.

In fact, Tulsa is out to out-Nashville Nashville as the country music capital. Country music stars Roy Clark, Mel Tillis, Donna Fargo, Hank Thompson, The Oak Ridge Boys, Minnie Pearl, Tammy Wynette and others moving toward national fame headquarter in Tulsa under the management of the Halsey Company, a multimillion-dollar booking and management agency. Energetic Jim Halsey is exporting country music to England and Europe and for the past four years has held the International Music Festival in Tulsa.

Tulsa loves sports, too, and fields three pro teams that owe their identities to the oil industry — the Tulsa Drillers, a Class AA baseball team; the Ice Oilers, a hockey team, and the Tulsa Roughnecks, a major league team in the North American Soccer League.

Both professional and amateur rodeo draw strong support from Tulsans. The Tulsa Twisters, a professional team, compete in a league with teams from other cities.

Nancy Lopez, a leading woman golf pro, is a former member of Tulsa University's women's golf team.

There are 11 public golf courses and five country clubs in Tulsa. *Golf Digest* magazine rates the Southern Hills Country Club course as one of the top 10 in the United States. The PGA tournament has been held there twice since 1958.

And Southern Hills has a polo team, and there aren't too many of those around. The team travels from coast to coast to compete.

Oklahoma is in the "Bible Belt," and churches of many faiths flourish.

Evangelist Oral Roberts has his headquarters in Tulsa and built Oral Roberts University, a four-year institution with 3,000 students.

Australian-born Germaine Greer, whose book, *The Female Eunuch*, won her international fame as a feminist and author, is a professor of literature at Tulsa University.

Anita Bryant grew up in Tulsa and graduated from Will Rogers High School. So did Leon Russell, rock music star who moved back to Tulsa last October.

The U.S. Jaycee Headquarters in Tulsa represents two-thirds of the world's Jaycee membership. The Jaycees call Tulsa "The Young Men's Capital of the World."

Most people pronounce Tulsa just as it is spelled. But some folks, from Texas and thereabouts, pronounce it "Tallsa." Variations include "Tulllsa," with just a hint of magnolia. No one ever says "Toolsa." □



TOUGH FORD VANS

Out front in design and gas mileage

by Nancy Kennedy

A VAN is one of the most versatile and useful vehicles on the American Road today. It's easy to drive, it offers plenty of room, and there are literally dozens of ways to modify the cargo space for your particular needs.

The van is a perfect choice for weekend campers who also want transportation for everyday use. Owning a van means never having to say no at an antique auction when you spot the Hepplewhite chest of your dreams which must be carried off immediately. Vans can be used as offices, mobile libraries and delivery wagons. With a van you add a mobile room — space — to your life, and it is yours to design as much as an extra room you would add to your home. With the many options available for vans you can have a basic vehicle or an elegant, stylized color-coordinated luxury vehicle.

The Ford van is also an ideal unit for commercial use. Its large, enclosed, protected, out-of-sight cargo area, which accommodates a wide variety of bins and storage racks for individualized commercial needs, is excellent for use by the butcher, baker, florist, plumber and hundreds of other delivery service people. Further there is tremendous payload capacity — up to 2½ tons. The engine-forward design offers efficient use of space. Ford vans are economical to run with a wide choice of engines and transmissions including a four-speed manual transmission with overdrive.

From the start, Ford has been the company with exciting van ideas — the better ideas for vans. More Ford Econoline Vans are on the road today than any other make. The Econoline offers pace-setting innovations like an engine-forward design for more up-front room and comfort, and options such as dual Captain's Chairs that recline and swivel and a combination seat-bed that converts from a three-passenger rear seat into a large

Top: For commercial or recreational use the Ford Van is one of the most useful vehicles on the American Road. Bottom: Interior of Free Wheeling Van

62" x 72" bed in seconds. Ford Vans have up to five inches more front seat room than competitive vans.

Ford Vans are built tough, too. The 1980 models can take up to 2,300 kilograms (5,070 pounds) of payload — more than last year on most models.

Most importantly, Econoline Vans are built for long-run economy. They have the best EPA gas mileage estimates of any van, plus an estimated highway cruising range that's hundreds of miles longer than others. (See chart below.)

Ford's 1980 Vans offer a realigned powerteam lineup, good serviceability and a long list of user-oriented design features. There is a locking steering column with all transmissions, P-

metric radial-ply tires on E-100 and E-150 models and an extended service interval for the 4.9-liter (300-CID) six-cylinder engine, which is standard except in California. The 5.0-liter (302-CID) V-8 and the 5.8-liter (351-CID) V-8 are offered as options.

Key standard features of the Econoline Van include a choice of hinged side cargo doors or a sliding door offered at no extra cost, bolt-on front fenders, and exclusive body-on-frame construction. Deep, full-length side-rails form a sturdy backbone. Strategically placed rubber mounts help isolate driver and passengers or load from road shocks and vibration. All Ford Vans have Ford's famous Twin-I-Beam front suspension, which consists of two forged-steel I-beam axles.

Best gas mileage estimates and longest range of any van built in America!

E-100/150 with std. 4.9L (300 CID) Six and opt. 4-speed.

Std. 22.1-gal. tank on long wheelbase models plus opt. 18-gal. auxiliary. Total: 40.1 gals. Multiply by mileage estimates to determine maximum estimated range.

Best MPG Ratings

49 State

18 EPA
Est. MPG
26 HWY.
Est. MPG

California

16 EPA
Est. MPG
24 HWY.
Est. MPG

Longest Range

49 State

722 Miles
Est. Range
1,043 Miles Hwy.
Est. Range

California

641 Miles
Est. Range
962 Miles Hwy.
Est. Range

More mileage information. Compare the above estimates with others. Your mileage and range may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than estimated. Excludes Diesels.



*Dick Butkus, a member of the National Football League Hall of Fame,
with a Ford Econoline Van*

Each front wheel has its own axle and big coil spring to step over bumps and cushion the ride.

A major feature of Econoline Vans is the way they can be tailored to individual tastes. Options available include a four-speed manual overdrive transmission, air conditioning, tinted glass, privacy glass, power steering, power door locks, portholes, stereo radios and tape players, a power amplifier and Tu-Tone paint schemes.

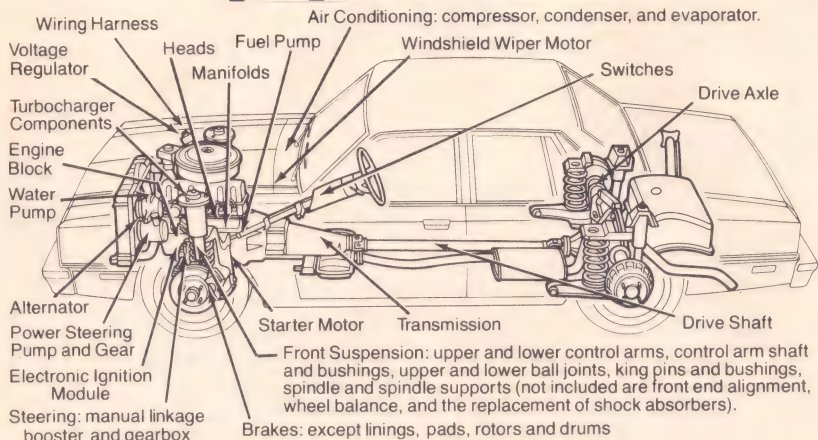
An optional package guaranteed to make heads turn is the Free Wheeling Van. Exterior features of the Free Wheeling package are blackout grille; black painted bumpers, wheel wells and mirrors; low-mount western mirrors; black lower bodyside panel, and

five-slot matte-finish aluminum wheels (10-hole polished-finish forged aluminum or styled steel wheels also available). The Free Wheeling interior provides full-length carpeting, front door trim panels and a Deluxe Insulation Package.

If you've never driven a van, why don't you stop at your Ford dealership and test drive one of the new breed of tough Ford Vans. They are out front in design and gas mileage! □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

Ask for the option that could pay for itself.



Ford Motor Company's Extended Service Plan.

What it means. What it costs. What it covers.

It means you're protected. Because our Extended Service Plan picks up where your 12 months/ 12,000 miles new car limited warranty leaves off. And it extends protection from date of delivery to 3 full years/ 36,000 miles (whichever comes first) or 3 years/ 50,000 miles (whichever comes first). It is a service contract between you and Ford Motor Company. So you are protected at over 6,500 Ford or Lincoln-Mercury Dealers' in North America.

CAR COVERED	SUGGESTED PRICE	
	3 yr./ 36,000 mi.	3 yr./ 50,000 mi.
Courier	\$149	\$179
Fiesta, Pinto, Bobcat, Mustang, Capri, Fairmont and Zephyr	\$175	\$215
Granada, Monarch, Cougar XR-7 and Thunderbird	\$225	\$275
Ford LTD, Mercury Marquis, F-100—F-350 Light Trucks (4x2), Econoline, Club Wagon	\$270	\$330
Bronco, F-100—F-350 Light Trucks (4x4)	\$430	\$510
Lincoln, Mark VI, Versailles	\$320	\$390

You also pay only the first \$25 per covered repair visit. *Prices shown are 1980 model prices in effect at the time of this printing.

Parts and labor for repair of defects in major parts illustrated above. You pay only the first \$25 per covered repair visit. If you normally use and properly care for your car and perform routine maintenance called for in the Owner's Manual, your new Ford Motor Company vehicle is protected from the high cost of repair bills from the date of delivery up to 3 years or 36,000 miles (whichever comes first) or 3 years or 50,000 mi. (whichever comes first). If you use it only once, it could easily pay for itself.

The option that could pay for itself.



**EXTENDED
SERVICE
PLAN**



A Fish Story, You Say?

by Edwin P. Hicks

illustrations
by Miles Batt

You will have
to admit
these facts are
stranger
than fiction

"I WAS FISHING from a boat on a western Arkansas lake," my neighbor, Jake Robertson, said. "It was in the fall, and there were quite a few wild ducks and geese on the lake.

I eased my boat along toward a plump-looking gander, who was enjoying the warm November sunshine and the admiration of several lady geese. I had a large surface plug on my line, and



when I had crept within long-distance casting range of the geese I took a shot at the gander with my plug, just for the heck of it. To my surprise the plug whizzed right past the gander as he started to take off. The line wrapped around the gander's long neck, with the plug fanning around a wing. The next thing I knew I was reeling in a hard-fighting wild goose that was flying in circles over my head.

"Another fellow, fishing some distance away, confided to me later that he thought either he or I had gone crazy. He couldn't believe what he was seeing, and if he really was seeing what he thought he saw, then *I* must have gone crazy. 'You just don't go fishing for wild geese with a rod and reel!' he said.

"Just the same my friend enjoyed a fine Thanksgiving goose and didn't have to go near the poultry market for his dinner."

This story reminded me of the experience of another hometown resident, who was doing a bit of night fishing on Lee's Creek, a short distance northwest of Van Buren, Ar-

kansas, several years ago. My friend was using a casting rod and trying for a big catfish in the deep, dark water on the far side of the stream. He was using a big chunk of liver for bait. Because of the darkness, his first cast overshot his mark and must have landed just in the edge of the water at the opposite bank.

There was a terrific strike almost instantly. Something took the bait so suddenly he almost lost hold of his rod. Then began a hair-raising struggle. If it hadn't been dark you could have seen my friend's face turn several shades paler. Still holding onto his rod he retreated to his car, which was parked on a gravel bar near the water. Jumping into the car, he fished out the window, while he tried to land his catch — a big bobcat!

The cat turned us loose

"That bobcat was the maddest thing I ever saw," said my friend. "Just when I was about to give him the rod, the line, and the liver, the cat somehow disengaged the hook from his mouth and left the country. My buddy and I also took off in the car as soon as we were sure the cat had turned us loose."

A fish story, you say? "A fish story," says Noah Webster, "is an unbelievable story; exaggeration." I assure you none of the stories in this article fits Webster's definition. Some of the stories that I relate happened to me, while the others happened to friends of mine who are just as honest as I am (or more so).

Earl Norman, operator of a welding shop in my home town, is such an excellent angler he doesn't have to lie about his catches. Above his work bench he has several rows of giant bass heads taken from fish he has caught in neighborhood lakes and streams. Earl, a quiet man, seldom talks about his fishing exploits. Press him, and he'll invite you home to see countless color prints, and even motion pictures, of the fish he has caught. But there is one story he *will* tell you that is a dandy. He and his wife, Opal, were fishing with Frank and Ruby Grober on a lake in northern Michigan, several years ago.

"Suddenly Frank got a bite," said Norman, "and then Ruby got a bite. They had a heck of a time landing their catch — a four-pound Great Northern pike — and both were hooked to the same fish!"

Having broken his habitual reticence (he usually is as mute as a stone Indian about where and how he fishes), Earl went on to tell us about another unusual catch. He was fishing on Lake Fort Smith in western Arkansas. A pound-and-a-half black bass grabbed his surface lure and headed for the bottom of the lake. A four-pound bass was waiting down there and grabbed the smaller bass, and Earl landed both of them.

Wanna bet? Approach any widely known angler in your community and get him to talking. Reaching down into his own fishing experience he will come up with stories that seem unbelievable to a person who never goes

fishing. Yet, these things do happen. Noah Webster was wrong when he defined fish stories as "unbelievable" or "exaggerated."

As a matter of fact, I once "caught" a leather-bound volume as large as the largest of Noah Webster dictionaries when I was fishing in the West Fork of the White River just below the Baptist Ford bridge, near Greenland, Arkansas. I noticed something floating in the round, flat hole in front of me. I cast a bass fly toward it, hooked it, and reeled in a large leather-bound law book — Volume 7, Key Numbers Series, 1909, *American Digest — A Digest of All Current Decisions of All American Courts* — for June 1 to November 30, 1909. Proudly I brought my "catch" to my wife who is a retired lawyer. Whether the book is worth anything I do not know, but we still have this thick, 3,000-page water-soaked volume on our bookshelf. I have no idea how that book got into the river.

The case of the finicky fish

My fishing buddy, C. H. "Connie" Boyd, was fishing with me one day in the Fourche River in Arkansas. He was wading and had several goggle-eye perch on a rather long cord stringer that was attached to his belt. He got a tug on his stringer and turned around to see a three-pound black bass that was trying to take a large black perch from the stringer. Boyd promptly eased down in the water and dropped his lure, a plastic worm, near the bass. The bass ignored it. Boyd



then brought in his lure and put on a tasty, live grasshopper, dropping it right near the bass's mouth. The finny creature turned up his nose and swam away!

Another time, Boyd was fishing in a stream in his native Tennessee. He saw a red bobber floating along in the water, with a couple of feet of line

trailing it. He quietly moved toward the bobber, got hold of the line, attached it to his own line, and landed a five-pound bass after playing it on his rod.

"Why didn't you just pull it in?" I asked him.

"Heck, man, that wouldn't have been sporting," he said.

(I would claim it was my influence

on him that made him play the fish that way, but to be honest with you this incident occurred before we had ever met.)

One sunshiny day in late fall, I was fishing in the icy water of Shore Creek in the foothills of the Ozark Mountains several miles northeast of Van Buren, when a most unusual thing happened. A bass hit my surface lure so suddenly my leader snapped. About 10 seconds later I saw my plug floating downstream about 20 feet from me. I waded over, happy to retrieve the lure — and strung a couple of keeper bass that were attached to the line.

Once while trolling in a lake near Charleston, Arkansas, my lure hooked into something only too familiar — I thought. It felt like a small, drifting tree branch. When I reeled in the line, I found I had hooked into a fine casting rod, line and reel attached. Two days later I found the grateful owner of the rod.

Larry Wilson with his friend Warren Bull were fishing in the Arkansas River. A three-pound bass broke Wilson's line. A few minutes later Wilson got another strike and landed the same bass, with the lost lure dangling from its jaws.

Doug Parker, a lawyer and the owner of a lure manufacturing company, was fishing with another lawyer

who was a tyro at the sport. Whenever his inexperienced companion cast with his spinning rod, the lure went straight up in the air. And each time, as the boat moved forward, the lure hit in the wake some distance behind. Three straight times Parker's friend cast this way — straight up — and three straight times, when the lure landed, a good bass was waiting for it behind the boat. "That's when I went to casting straight up myself," Doug said, grinning.

The Angel Gabriel or the Devil?

One of my most unforgettable experiences occurred when I was fishing in a narrow stretch of the White River, south of Fayetteville, Arkansas. Suddenly out of the sunset glow came a great, silent, winged creature! Just topping the 10-foot bank on the opposite side of the stream, the thing passed about five feet directly over my head and landed on the water 75 feet downstream.

For a moment I thought my sins had caught up with me and the Angel Gabriel or the Devil, one or the other, had come for me. When I got up enough courage to open my eyes I saw that it was a big pelican that had come in for a landing. I packed up my rod immediately, called my little dog, and headed for the car. It was getting late anyhow! □





THE FREEDOM TO BE



AND TO GO

BY
LEO J. BRIGHTON

IF EVER there were a vehicle to give you the feeling of freedom to be and to go, I believe it is the 1980 Bronco.

This built-Ford-tough, four-wheel-drive vehicle not only can enhance that it's-great-to-be-alive feeling, but it has the versatility to get up, over, around or through areas that might stop other vehicles.

A recent Ford survey showed the Bronco serves in a dual capacity for many families. It's a great vehicle for those who love the outdoors, such as weekend RV enthusiasts and off-road adventurers, as well as those who need a vehicle for a wide variety of business purposes.

In either capacity, the Bronco can get you there in comfort. One big reason is that the 1980 Bronco is America's only four wheeler with Twin-Traction Beam independent front suspension (IFS). A patented Ford development, IFS led the Bronco to being selected Four Wheeler of the year by the automotive industry's most widely recognized four-wheel-drive publication, *Four Wheeler*.

IFS eases wheels over bumps separately to cushion the ride. It smooths the going and improves off-road control. The best way to appreciate Bronco's ride is to compare it in test drives with a vehicle having the more traditional, rigid tube-type monobeam front axle with the axle shaft inside the tube.

The Bronco also delivers surpris-

ingly good fuel economy, considering its rugged build. With the standard 4.9-liter (300-CID) six-cylinder engine (not available in California) and four-speed manual transmission, Bronco has an EPA-estimated 15 miles per gallon (mpg) and a highway rating of 18 mpg.*

Bronco offers two optional V-8 engines — 5.0-liter (302-CID) or 5.8-liter (351-CID) — each with a choice of four-speed manual or automatic transmissions. As a matter of fact, the Bronco with 5.0 and automatic transmission has better EPA mpg ratings than any other V-8 four wheeler. They are the same 15 and 18 mpg as for the Bronco with 4.9 and manual transmission.

Bronco's impressive list of standard features includes several new-for-1980 features: an instrument panel with full-width padding and high-mounted warning lights, new-design transfer case, maintenance-free battery, locking steering column, seven exterior colors and six colors for the vehicle's removable fiberglass roof.

The Bronco comes in two trim levels — standard Custom and optional Ranger XLT — both value-packed.

Take the Custom. On the outside, it features black front and rear bumpers, black grille with bright surround, bright hub caps and door-mounted mirrors, and a swing-down tailgate with power-operated window. Inside,

*For comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Your actual highway mileage will probably be less. California estimates are lower.

*Pages 32-33: Bronco with
Free Wheeling Package*

consider these notables: driver's bucket seat with increased travel adjustment, passenger bucket seat that folds forward for easy entry, patterned vinyl seat trim, glove box door with coin/token slots and two cup depressions, anti-theft sliding door lock buttons, 2.91 cubic meters (103 cubic feet) of rear cargo space (without rear seat) and more.

In addition to or in place of the Custom's standard offering, the Ranger XLT's exterior features chrome bumpers, brushed aluminum tailgate appliqué with bright letters, and bright rear side window moldings and lower bodyside molding with black vinyl insert. Inside, the luxury includes wall-to-wall cut-pile carpeting (including rear cargo area), bright accents on door trim panels with lower area carpeted, cargo lamp, deluxe seat belts, black vinyl spare tire cover (except 10- by 15-inch spare), added insulation and simulated leather-wrapped steering wheel.

The Ranger XLT is just the beginning of a wide array of other options with which the buyer can tailor the Bronco to fit personal whims.

For example, there's more to the appearance story. You will want to check out options such as two Free Wheeling Packages, convenience group, light group, black padded GT bar, wheel lip moldings, accent tape stripes and a selection of wheels and wheel covers.

From a functional standpoint, there are fog lamps, two Trailer Towing Packages and a larger gas tank.



Optional Ranger XLT interior trim

Also the new two-speed transfer case should be of particular interest to the buyer who wants more leg room for a passenger in the center of the front seat: Its revised shift pattern places the two most commonly used gear selections forward, thus keeping the selector lever more out of the way.

Then there are comfort and convenience options that include flip-fold rear bench seat, six radio selections, tilt steering wheel and Fingertip Speed Control.

So you see, whatever you want your Bronco to be or wherever you want to go, you will find your Ford dealer has what it takes. Why not test drive a Bronco now? □

Grandpa's Chair

Still bringing one family's
generations together

by Bette L. Milleson



illustrations by Mark McMahan

IN A SMALL farm-house in western Nebraska, a gentle old man rocked a toddler boy in an old wooden chair, singing softly as he rocked. Being rocked in that chair myself is beyond my memory, but the picture of my younger brother, Billy, head dozing on the shoulder of Grandpa Hunter whose name he shared, is still fresh in my mind.

Many years earlier, on a farm in northwest Kansas, the rocker had quieted a tiny child who had nearly died of diphtheria, and who would be my mother. I did not know this when I watched Grandpa rock Billy; yet I knew then this chair was something special.

The rocker that lulled them to sleep was just an ordinary wood chair with turned spindles and wide curved arms. But this one had been witness to so many years of weariness and rest, sickness and joy, and birth and growth that it had become a participant in all our lives. Light areas had appeared in the finish on the arms, where tired elbows had rested and where small fingers had clung while two-foot-tall grandchildren, toes on the rockers, rode with Grandpa.

Other memories crowd that room — the round-topped radio, crackling out news of the war while we children sat in an imposed hush, unaware of the awesome reasons for the rapt attention of the adults; the black, wall telephone, crank-operated and temperamental, never touched by the children or the timid; and the large black heating stove, its fire roaring

fiercely when the wind howled around the corners, or crackling nicely when Grandma required only that it “take the chill off.” But the focus is on the old man in blue denim bib overalls, singing softly to a sleepy little boy lying tummy-to-bib, “Oh, where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? Oh, where have you been, charming Billy?” while the chair creaked beneath him.

By the early '50s, Grandpa's chair had found a new home. Grandpa and Grandma had sold the farm, and the new front room was in a house on a quiet, tree-lined street in town. We children were older, and so was Grandpa, but we still found peace and a closeness between the generations when Grandpa settled in the front-room rocker to “visit.”

Grandma had three brothers, Uncle George (married), and John and Arthur (both bachelors), who often came to dinner at Grandma's, and visited through the afternoon before eating again and heading home. The interval between the two meals was a time of reminiscence for the men (who always had the front room to themselves for most of the afternoon), and for the children, a diversion that bordered on ritual. When we were younger, we would ask Grandpa to tell us a story, meaning that we wanted to hear what we had heard the last time, about inadvertently scaring the horses on Halloween; or the time that his favorite team, a fine black pair he called Major and Pride, were struck by lightning going through the



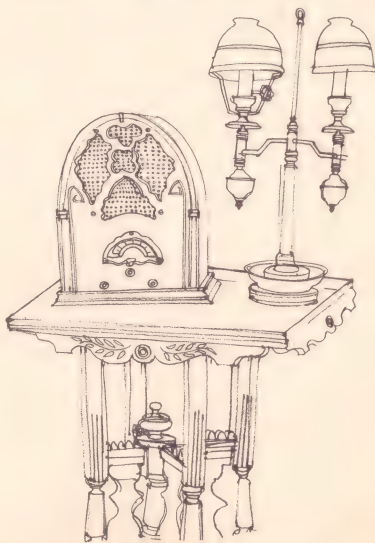
schoolhouse gate, and how they could never be persuaded to go through that gate again. But always he would say he didn't know any stories. Later, older, we grew astute, having learned that the stories were in the shared memories, and we stopped asking. It was better just to arrive unnoticed and sit out of the way with a game or a puzzle, and listen.

Winters and summers came and went, blending unnoticeably into springs bursting with life and autumns aswirl in dry-leaf clutter. Toddler grandchildren became teenagers; everyone grew older. The day came when Grandpa was gone, and Grandma couldn't live alone. The little house in town was sold, and Grandma moved to an apartment close to one of her children. Many cherished belongings had to be disposed of, and probably much junk, too, but the rocking chair went with Grandma. Frail now, smaller, and weak of vision, she found it a comfort to sit by the window in Grandpa's rocker when her few simple chores were done, the gentle noises recalling Grandpa and the babies, the front rooms, the talk, the wood stove, the radio, until at last the chair saw the day when Grandma, too, was gone, and it was transferred to another generation, back in Kansas.

When we got the chair, our own children were small, but already they were assiduous rockers. They rocked when they were tired (on someone's lap) or angry (alone), or when they were bored or lonely (with songs:

"Where are you going, my little one, little one? . . ."). They rocked quietly (reading), and recklessly (on the cat's tail) and almost motionlessly (chewing on the arm of the chair, leaving gopher-like tooth marks in the finish). Sometimes our two small girls would rock and read together, the chair creeping backward across the room until the rocker bumped the wall or another piece of furniture. On the carpet the creak was barely audible. But it was there, with its familiar, complacent comfort.

One day our oldest girl came home from the church nursery announcing sadly that the lady had walked with a baby who "needed to rock." Again the chair was moved to where it was needed, and for years thereafter it was



the official nursery rocking chair. Though we still held claim to it, it was used and abused in the way that things often are when they belong to everyone, for then they really belong to no one. One day while in the nursery, years after our own children had outgrown the use of it, I noticed that one of the rockers had broken off at the back, and someone had repaired it by taping the break. Intending to pick it up later, I left the chair and forgot about it for a long time.

When I remembered, it was gone. I inquired of several persons what might have happened to it, but no one knew. I finally concluded that it had been hauled off, incapacitated and useless. I regretted this deeply, knowing that I should not have neglected to retrieve it immediately after seeing the broken rocker. Other, older family members had died after Grandma had. I was beginning to realize that we were losing touch with a time long gone, and I had let one of our links with the past slip away.

Across the street from us at this time lived a retired couple who belonged to our church. Failing in health, they nevertheless came often to services. When Mr. Erickson died, I helped arrange a funeral dinner for the family. I listened to the service from the back of the church near the kitchen. In the sermon, the minister told of Mr. Erickson's life: how he had always been a man who could take whatever was there and make it better; how he had, for example, taken an old broken rocking chair from the

church nursery and fitted it with new rockers, and cleaned off all the old finish, replacing it with new, so that it was a fine thing to return to the church. The rocking chair became the focal point of the eulogy, exemplifying the philosophy of the old man gone. I slipped down the hall to the nursery. The chair was there, unfamiliar, yet the same. The gopher-like twin marks of teeth on the arm were gone; the color was lighter, the finish softly shining. I sat down, and missed the creak. But it was the same chair.

We left the chair in the nursery and later talked to Mrs. Erickson about it. She wished us to leave the chair in the nursery for as long as she was coming to church there, and we did.

Now the chair is back with us, having gone from a Kansas farm home of the early 1900s to homes and apartments in Nebraska and Colorado, back to a Kansas farm home of the 1980s. I still miss the little creak, but perhaps if we use the chair enough we will earn it back.

Grandpa's rocker brings the generations together still. Only a few days ago, our teenagers heard a song: "Where are you going, my little one, little one? Where are you going my baby, my own?" and all of them at once said "Mom . . . listen . . . remember?" I remember. So will they.

And over beside the stairway, out of the corner of my eye, I thought I saw a grin — but of course, it was only the rocker of the old chair, tilting gently when the cat jumped down. □



I AM A SCHOOLTEACHER by profession, and mostly what I teach is poetry. My avocation is geology, though. I spend the workaday year in the classroom, but as soon as summer comes I get out on the roads. The summer just past, I went back to Maine. I wanted to poke around in the old Colonial settlements that make up York County, west of Portland. Most of these towns — Limington, Alfred, the Waterboros and Limerick, where I camped — were founded just before or just after the Revolutionary War. They are rich in history.

But it isn't written history that brought me to Maine. My book is the

Red Paint and Blue Water

How the far-distant past is tied to the present by a little patch of color

by Russell Fraser

illustrations by
Robert Eric Moore

land, and what I was looking for was the record of a distant past that goes back far beyond historical time. This record is preserved in the soil, and in the deposits of limestone and sandstone that crop up everywhere in the rolling country from Cape Elizabeth to the New Hampshire line. If you want to read the record, you have to keep your eyes peeled, and if you want it to speak to you, you have to put the right questions.

In prehistoric time, York County was still the floor of the Atlantic Ocean. It broke the surface of the ocean in the form of volcanoes, created by inconceivable heat boiling up

from below the earth's crust. The mountains forged by this heat endured for an eternity of time, until earthquakes and the never-ending work of sun and sea wore them away. And then they rose again. In the millions of years by which geologic time is computed, this cyclical process was repeated over and over — birth and death and rebirth — and that is part of my story.

The climate changed, too. Intense cold gave way to tropical sultriness. Exotic vegetation bloomed, but only for some millenia — for a wink of the eyelash, a geologist would say. Huge animals like the mammoth and the brontosaur roamed the peneplain. These died, too. Their epitaph is written in stone.

The glaciers came and carved York County in the likeness it bears today. Look sharp and you can estimate the progress of the ice sheet in the lines ruled southeast-northwest that score the hills outside town — “the chisel work of an enormous glacier,” Robert Frost called these lines, as if the glacier had some purpose in what it was doing. It moved forward like a scoop shovel, gouging deep valleys from the land, and when the shovel dropped its load, torrents of water were diverted and the valleys filled up. So the chain of lakes around Limerick came into being — Sokokis, Little Ossipee, Arrowhead, where my story is set.

There were no people in the land when Lake Arrowhead was forming. At some remote point in time, but not





so long ago as time flies, the first settlers arrived here. They were not Indians — the Indian is a latercomer and almost as recent as I am — but a shadowy race archaeologists call the Red Paint People. When they buried the ashes of their dead, these earliest settlers strewed the grave with a red ochre powder, the dust of iron ore. You find it around Mt. Katahdin and in prehistoric cemeteries at Lake Umbagog and Sullivans' Falls. The Red Paint People were artisans. They made the hexagonal spear point and stone plummets for fishing, and they fashioned a crude adze and a square-edged hatchet. In honor of their dead, they made effigies, too, and they be-

lieved, evidently, in a life to come. And then — no one knows why or just when — they disappeared, to be replaced by the Algonquin tribes encountered by Verrazano when he explored the Gulf of Maine.

In this tale of endings and beginnings, the only constant is change. The Red Paint People are gone, so are the Vikings who came later in their beaked sailing ships. But even the land that sustained them has altered beyond recognition. Where ocean is, there land shall be, and in the unending revolution of time the ocean one day will take back what it has lost.

So there is sadness for me in contemplating the record of the past.

The stone walls that run everywhere through the woods around Arrowhead look as if they were built to last forever, but the little farms whose boundaries they were meant to define have long since disappeared and the arable land has gone back to timber. Today, these stone walls define nothing. They serve only to remind you that before the Civil War and the fateful call to "Go west!," this was a flourishing community.

Sometimes, deep in the woods, I have stumbled on a graveyard — a cluster of stones, many of them fallen, all of them black and green with lichen. The smaller stones — they are mostly unlettered except for initials — mark the graves of children. One of these graveyards, only a half mile from my camp on the lake, preserves the record and the remains of a single family.

I shall call them the Sullivans, after the first white settler in Limerick, an Irishman who came up here in the middle of the 18th century, risking — who knows why — the perilous six-weeks' voyage by sail across the Atlantic, and who, in memory of his native place, gave the town its name. The inscriptions on the gravestones — you can barely make them out — read: Laura, wife of Bickford, died October 14, 1815, at 22, or Martha, wife of Bickford, died May 16, 1831, at 88. So there were two wives, one young, one very old, and they lie together. The smaller markers around them read only: M.S. or J.S. The most recent stone belongs to Eunice, died Novem-

ber 30, 1875. There the record ends.

I have come back to this lonely place more than once. I like to sit on the stone wall that fences the graveyard — for a little while, anyway — from the encroachment of the pine forest. That I like to do this isn't because my taste runs to melancholy. I honor the past but live in the present. Here, where past and present come together, what I feel is not melancholy but subdued elation. It has taken me a while, though, to understand why.

Near the graveyard and within sight of the glinting water of the lake, an abandoned cellar hole is slowly closing, "like a dent in dough." The words are Robert Frost's again, and they invoke for me a picture of domesticity, long vanished. The cellar hole is almost choked with gooseberries and currants. An old pine, its root system exposed to the air, has heeled over against what remains of the foundation. It was hard work, climbing down to the floor.

I pulled aside the bushes and the tangle of roots and then I saw them — among the pottery shards and clam shells and other refuse of time — the telltale traces of red ochre. So men, I knew, had been here 10,000 years ago — before the Indian, before the Sullivans who had taken the land from the Indian and lay beside him now in death. Death was all around me, but more vividly the sense of kinship between life and death. In the blue waters of the lake, life was throwing forward, awaiting its term, and, in the course of things, its renewal. □

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WYOMING'S LARAMIE PEAK

A NICE PLACE TO BE OUTDOORS

story and photos by Wallace Tufford

LARAMIE PEAK rises 5,000 feet above Wyoming's eastern prairies and is visible for more than 100 miles. Indians used it to guide their seasonal migrations. For modern travelers, it provides visual relief from the grass-covered hills that line the highways.

The U.S. Forest Service has proposed that portions of the Laramie Peak area be set aside as a wilderness area. In the foothills around the peak, there are summer cabins, hunting and fishing. Avid mountain climbers are little interested in Laramie Peak be-

cause it is only 10,274 feet high. But hundreds of Boy Scouts from the summer camp on the northeastern slope climb it each summer.

Fortunately, commercial development is just as limited. There is a small logging operation near Esterbrook on the north slope and on the summit are electronic installations that relay and amplify television and radio signals to points that would otherwise be unable to receive them.

For many years, there was only one public picnic area. Then the For-

est Service built a campground on Friend Creek on the peak's west slope and improved the trail from it to the summit. I recently decided to spend a few days there.

I arrived one afternoon and found several camping sites with tables and fire pits amid the pines. Communal facilities were a well and restrooms. I was the only camper. After supper, I explored the Friend Creek Flats. Here the creek has meanders, beaver ponds and marshes. It is nearly a swamp, but the water is clear.

Farther downstream is Friend Park, a grassy oval amid pines and aspens. Herefords occasionally graze on it. The creek is on the southeast, a brook runs through the center, and Jack Squirrel and Eagle Peak provide a west wall that is beautifully silhouetted in the twilight. It is a peaceful place to watch darkness descend.

The next morning I started to climb Laramie Peak by walking up a gentle slope along Friend Creek. Here, it flows fast, over rocks and gravel, and there are many small cascades, but the water is still absolutely transparent. Friend Creek has the cleanest water I have ever seen.

After I crossed the creek and started up the valley's south slope, the trail steepened. There were many switchbacks. I crossed one brook three times. Small, straight conifers crowned 25 feet above me. There were so many I felt as if I were in a tunnel, although the slope was so full of boulders I wondered how the trees could grow.

About an hour and a half out, I rested beside a small brook. Last winter. From there, the trail got steeper every step, but there were more open spots where I could enjoy the view while I caught my breath.

At the top, I left unclimbed the massive, moss-covered boulders jumbled at the summit. I scanned the horizon. I could see Scottsbluff National Monument to the east, the Medicine Bow Mountains and Elk Mountain to the southwest and many acres of prairie or low hills in other directions. Closer to me were the boulders, the drop-offs, the banner trees and the mountain itself. I was sorry I had waited so long to climb it.

The summit is 2,700 feet above the campground. The round trip is about 11 miles, taking about six hours, including lunch on top. The trail is cleared and graveled. Reaching the summit of Laramie Peak is a hard walk, not an arduous climb, so a stay at the Friend Creek Campground provides a good family outing. Most members will enjoy walking to the top; non-climbers will like the unspoiled natural surroundings near the campground.

The Friend Creek Campground is snow-free from June 15 to October 1. It is reached by going south from Douglas, Wyoming, or southwest from Glendo, Wyoming. The distance from either is about 40 miles over good county roads. □

For information, write Supervisor, Medicine Bow National Forest, Laramie, Wyoming 82070.

story and photos
by Erwin and Peggy Bauer

A GREAT MANY staid and solid Americans are suddenly changing their life styles. During annual vacations (and many weekends in between), they leave their electronic homes behind and retreat into the golden past.

For example, every Labor Day weekend, hundreds aim cars and campers toward southwestern Wyo-

ming. There they pitch painted tipis to form a colorful encampment at the Fort Bridger Rendezvous. For three lively days they relive an exciting era out of America's wood-smoked past. Fathers become Jeremiah Johnson or Jedediah Smith; wives are Crow or Shoshone squaws.

In the early 1800s, after the greatest real estate deal in history — the Louisiana Purchase — added the West to the United States, a new breed of men swarmed over the Rocky Mountains. In search of beaver hides, then almost worth their weight in gold, these trappers and traders lived primitive, perilous and lonely lives in hostile Indian country. Once each summer the mountain men gathered from all over the Rockies to sell beaver pelts and celebrate another season with scalps still intact. The rendezvous at Fort Bridger (like many others held elsewhere every summer) is a re-enactment of these lively meetings of long ago.

Authenticity is the key. Participants dress in authentic buckskin



THE RETURN OF THE

BUCKSKINNERS

Throughout the West they are rendezvousing
and reliving the early days of our country



shirts, pants and dresses they make themselves. Some even sport Hudson Bay trade blankets and homespun clothing. Fires are started with sparks from flint and dried moss. Meals are cooked in pottery or cast iron pots over open wood fires. Viewed from afar through a telephoto lens, the scene is hardly distinguishable from the 1833 rendezvous beside the Green River where Jim Bridger had an Indian arrowhead carved from his back with a hunting knife. His only anesthetic was a belt of bad trade whiskey.

Nights, the rendezvouchers sleep comfortably sandwiched between buffalo robes; during the day, all participate in innumerable games and contests. Highlighting rendezvous activities are the black-powder shooting matches with muzzle-loading rifles. Many of these guns are priceless antiques, retrieved from showcases for just this one event each year. Others are replicas of the original Hawken muzzle-loaders crafted by the marksmen themselves.

Not all rifle targets are bull's-eyes,

however. Mountain men also shoot at knife blades to "split the bullet" or at strips of rawhide thong with suspended stones. Beaver, bobcat, muskrat and coyote hides are wagered on the matches because a mountain man's survival as well as his reputation depended on his aim.

Rendezvous are fast becoming as popular for spectators as for participants. Most are more colorful than county fairs and far more dramatic. One reason is a contest called the "Bridger Run" for survival, really a trapper's decathlon. A contestant races approximately the length of a football field, sets a beaver trap, returns, builds a fire with flint and steel, runs again to hit a target with a tomahawk, jumps a creek, then sprints to a finish line. (It beats potato sack races and cotton candy!) There are knife-and skillet-throwing (*at their men*) contests for the squaws, and local historians judge the best tipis and most authentic camps, which, of course, have no modern devices or tools.

And it wouldn't be a rendezvous

BUCKSKIN RENDEZVOUS

Buckskin rendezvous are being held throughout the West. Some are small and meant only for participants. Others welcome spectators. Many larger events are held annually. For example: Fur Trade Days is held in midsummer in Chadron, Nebraska. The National Association of Primitive Riflemen hosts buckskinners every August at Big Timber, Montana. Pierre's Hole Rendezvous is convened each summer at Driggs, Idaho, as is another rendezvous at Bent's Fort, Colorado. Buckskinning thrives in Pinedale, Wyoming, site of the Green River Rendezvous on the second weekend of every July. The American Mountain Men rendezvous along Henry's Fork of the Green River in Utah every July 4. For more information, write the tourist divisions in the state capitals.



without the trading and bartering for everything from powder horns, pistols and artifacts to antique traps, bear claws and porcupine quills, the latter used in decorative work by trappers' squaws. Evenings around the campfires feature square dancing, Indian arm wrestling, peace-pipe smoking, plus a grand finale liars' contest which lasts well into the night. (Jim Bridger probably gave all mountain men a bad reputation for lying with his own tall tales.)

During the past decade, the buckskin phenomenon has quietly swept the country west of the Mississippi. Many Americans are so fascinated by their newly discovered heritages that buckskinning has become a favorite family pastime.

Once addicted, buckskinners make everything from tents and clothing to belts, knives and powder horns and even carve their own gunstocks. Most modern buckskinners find it a new and challenging way to go camping.

Now even the National Park Service has gone buckskin. At Teton National Park headquarters in Moose, Wyoming, a trapper's museum is an open window to this nostalgic past.

The park employs a number of young buckskinners and history students as seasonal rangers who daily describe to visitors how mountain men lived, trapped and survived in the wilderness of Jackson Hole.

Dressed in hand-sewn authentic deer or elk hide garments, coyote fur caps, carrying beaver traps, skinning knives and flintlocks over their shoulders, the rangers lead tourists down willow trails to an active beaver pond. There they demonstrate how the remarkable little animals were trapped — and, in fact, how a whole continent was thus opened to settlement.

Buckskinning may be only another fad, in time to run its course. But we may as well make the most of a great new interest from a time long past. □

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

*In which you can find a little
bit of everything but gloves*

Women's Hall of Fame — This pilared gray stone building at 76 Fall Street in Seneca Falls, New York, opened last year to honor women whose contributions to the arts, athletics, business, education, government, humanities, philanthropy and science have been of the greatest value to the development of the United States. Its memorabilia, historical documents and photographs honor the likes of Jane Addams, Susan B. Anthony, Clara Barton, Elizabeth Blackwell, Amelia Earhart, Helen Keller and Eleanor Roosevelt. The Hall is open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Monday through Friday and from noon to 4 p.m. Saturday and Sunday. Donation is \$1.

Rand McNally Redesigns Its Road Atlas — The 1980 Rand McNally Road Atlas has a new look. Its 290 maps featuring the United States, Canada and Mexico have been redrawn with greater legibility and detail. Another new feature is an information panel alongside each map with a mileage chart, locator map,

map symbol table, vital statistics and major points of interest. Available at most bookstores, the book retails for \$4.95. A deluxe version with the same information but bound in simulated leather costs \$7.95.

Ginning Cotton in Westville — In Westville, Georgia — a living history village where it is always 1850 — Eli Whitney's cotton gin is worked in November every year. Cotton is grown, ginned, spun into thread and woven into cloth in this village east of U.S. 27 in the southwest corner of the state. Hours are 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Saturday and 1 to 5 p.m. Sunday. For information, write Tour Georgia, P. O. Box 1776, Atlanta, Georgia 30301.

Join the Retractableables — Among the most fascinating and popular cars ever produced by Ford Motor Company were the retractables. These were Ford Fairlane and Galaxie series models, built during the late 1950s, whose hard tops folded into the trunk. The cars were so unique that the Retractable Ford Club was organized. You do not have to own a retractable to be a member. The club publishes a bi-monthly newsletter among other activities. For information, write Ed-

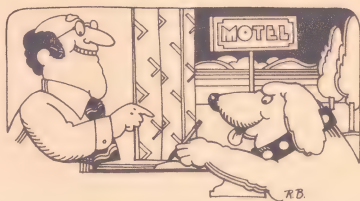


ward J. Albracht Jr., Retractable Ford Club, 301 Hillcrest Drive, Carlinville, Illinois 62626.

Featherweight Survival Kit — The Alpine Map Co. sells an amazing little kit that weighs only 16 ounces but contains 24 items, each selected by expert outdoorsmen for use in emergencies. Among its contents are an eight-foot tube tent, signaling devices to attract rescuers, waterproof matches, first-aid gear, energy bars, dextrose cubes, herbal tea bags, bouillon cubes, nylon cord, wire, duct tape, razor blade, candle and waterproof cards detailing first aid treatment and instructions for building fires and shelters. You can order a kit for \$13.95, plus \$1 for shipping and handling, or request a free brochure from Alpine at P. O. Box 1979, Boulder, Colorado 80306.

Traveling or Staying Home with Your Pets? — Hal Gieseke, who

loves cats and dogs, has written a 156-page soft-cover book entitled *Protecting Your Pets (at home and away)* that will help every pet owner. The book includes tips about how to decide if your pet should travel with you or stay home, how to choose a kennel, how to make your pet a good car traveler and where to find hotels and motels that welcome pets. Available at bookstores for \$3.95. You can also order the book from the publisher, The Berkshire Traveller, Stockbridge, Massachusetts 01262. Add \$1.25 for handling and mailing.



Massachusetts residents must add a three per cent sales tax.

Is Cruising Really for Me? —

That's the title of a 12-page booklet published by the Cruise Lines International Association with the answers to the most-asked questions about vacations at sea. Samples: "I need to get the most I can from my money. Isn't cruising more expensive than other kinds of travel?" "I can only afford an inside cabin. Isn't that to be avoided?" For a copy of the booklet, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to CLIA, 311 California Street, San Francisco, California 94104.

Walks in the Redwood Groves —

Taking a walk on a nature trail through the deep redwood groves of northern California on a crisp fall day can be an unforgettable experience. One of the tallest redwoods is the 362-foot Dyerville Giant in Humboldt Redwoods State Park, 35 miles south of Eureka. For a *Visitors' Guide to the Redwood Empire*, maps and information, send \$1 (for postage and handling) to Redwood Empire Association, 360 Post Street, Suite 401, San Francisco, California 94108.



Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy



THE HORS D'OEUVRERIE NEW YORK, NEW YORK

This intimate restaurant has one of the many charming dining rooms that make up the restaurant complex called Windows on the World on the 107th floor of One World Trade Center in lower Manhattan. It is open to the public weekdays beginning at 3 p.m. for the enjoyment of excellent drinks from the City Lights Bar and fine foods from the International Cooks' Table, plus the sunlight, twilight or starlight views of the city. There is dancing nightly and tea dancing Sunday following brunch. Reservations are required only for Saturday lunch and Sunday brunch. Parking is free in the World Trade Center Garage

THE GAZEBO CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

This inland city surrounded by mountains was once a meat-and-wild-game town. However, refrigerated cars and trucks have changed that, and seafoods are popular items at this restaurant with a garden setting from which it takes its name. Owned by Paul Boehm and managed by Bill Moss, the 150-seat downtown restaurant features Continental as well as American cuisine. At 616 Georgia Avenue, the restaurant is open for lunch Monday through Friday and for dinner and entertainment Monday through Saturday. From I-24, take Fourth Street Exit, then go seven blocks to High Street and turn right

THE GOLDEN LEMON TART

Cut $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold butter into small pieces and mix with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour and dash of salt until crumbly. Add 4 tablespoons cold water, mix into a ball and roll $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick on lightly floured board. Line 9-inch quiche pan and chill 20 minutes. Line with foil and weight down with rice or dry beans. Bake at 350° 25 minutes until golden.

Filling: Dissolve 2 tablespoons cornstarch in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, blend into 5 beaten egg yolks; set aside. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup strained lemon juice, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Bring to boil. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot mixture to egg yolks, stirring constantly. Return to pan, bring to boil and boil 3 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in 1 tablespoon unsalted butter; chill. Dissolve 1 teaspoon gelatin in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water over hot water. Fold into cold lemon mixture with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream, whipped. Add 4 dry crushed Italian macaroons; turn into shell. Cut 2 large lemons into paper-thin slices, dip each into heated apricot jam. Cover pie top with slices; chill.

onto Georgia Avenue.

RED SNAPPER PROVENCAL

- 6 red snapper filets (6 ounces each)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 3 medium garlic cloves, minced
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
- 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
- 1 pound can tomatoes
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup dry white wine
- Salt and pepper

Place filets in baking pan, brush with melted butter; sprinkle with salt and pepper. Sauté onion in 3 tablespoons butter until soft; add garlic, cook 1 minute; add mushrooms, cook 5 minutes. Add Worcestershire, tomatoes, sugar, wine; simmer until slightly reduced. Season with salt and pepper. Bake filets in 400° oven 10 minutes. Top each piece with sauce, return to oven 5 minutes, basting with pan liquids occasionally. Serves 6.



illustration by Art Thomal

THE BROWNWOOD FARMHOUSE CENTRAL LAKE, MICHIGAN

Formerly a simple little roadside stand, this family-operated, year-round restaurant now is part of a cluster of buildings housing shops and a recreational area on a 60-acre farm along the shores of Torch Lake. The original "merchants" were Mary Morse and her brother Gary who began selling honey at a stand on their grandparents' farm in 1945. Today, their children are involved in the operation of the family farmhouse that has been converted to seat 300 guests. The house also has a cocktail area that opens onto an outside dance pavilion. The restaurant is open for dinner

daily. Reservations are recommended. It is on East Torch Lake Drive.

BROWNWOOD'S SEAFOOD CHOWDER (Served every Friday)

Cook, drain and chop 2 large potatoes; set aside. In skillet melt $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter; add 1 chopped green pepper, 1 chopped medium onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whole kernel corn, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peas and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped carrots. Sauté until tender, then turn into large kettle. Add 8 cups chicken stock, 8 cups clam juice and the potatoes. Bring to boiling, then add 8 ounces chopped clams, 8 ounces chopped crab meat, 8 ounces chopped lobster meat and 8 ounces chopped shrimp. Bring to boiling, then reduce to simmer. In saucepan over low heat, heat 1 cup cooking oil (do not boil) and stir in 1 cup flour to make roux. Whip to smooth any lumps and stir into soup to desired thickness. Stir in 1 pint cream and keep below boiling point. Season to taste with salt, pepper and Accent. Serves 8 to 12.

SANDALWOOD ROOM HILO, HAWAII

A good tip for visitors: This dining room, in the 390-room Naniloa Surf resort hotel overlooking Hilo Bay, has a reputation for being the most popular dining and entertainment place among local residents. The menu choices include seafood specialties and elegant beef entrees matched by an excellent wine list. At 93 Banyan Drive, it is open daily for dinner (reservations recommended). It is operated by Interisland Resorts and managed by William Davis. Other hotels in the chain are Kauai Surf, Maui Surf, Kona Surf and the Islander Inn at Coconut Plantation of Kauai.

BANANA HOT CAKES

- 2 eggs
- 2 cups buttermilk
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon banana extract
- 2 cups sifted flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter
- 1 cup thinly sliced bananas

Beat eggs until light and fluffy. Blend in buttermilk, soda, salt, sugar, baking powder and banana extract. Beat until smooth. Gradually blend in flour and mix to smooth batter. Fold in melted butter and banana slices. Cook on lightly oiled griddle and serve immediately with favorite syrup and whipped butter or banana-flavored whipped cream. Makes 10 to 12 cakes.

illustration by George Samerjan

by William Childress

illustrations by Kermit Oliver

PICKIN' COTTON

This author's back
hurts just
thinking about it

WHEN MARK TWAIN said, "God must have loved the poor because he made so many," or words to that effect, he was talking right down my cotton row. My family was dirt poor thanks to poor dirt — Oklahoma red clay to be exact. For years, we supplemented our meager sharecropper's income by picking other people's cotton.

If you have never picked cotton, you have not missed one of life's great



joys. The first mechanical cotton picker in 1948 made some migrant workers unhappy by taking their jobs. It made me delirious with joy. At 15 I had already spent years in the fields, and just knew I'd have lifelong "hump shoulder" from pulling 12-foot canvas sacks down endless, acrid-smelling rows. As far as I was concerned, cotton fields — or "cotton patches" as we called them — had birthed the saying,

"Oh, my aching back!"

My earliest memory of a cotton field was one near Bakersfield, California. It was 1939, I was 6, and the Depression was grinding to an end. In that vast San Joaquin Valley endless seas of cotton rippled in the desert breeze. Not that there was ever much breeze. Temperatures commonly reached a hundred degrees by noon. Heat waves rose like blue vapor over



the white-pocked rows — and each row seemed to clasp a picker's bent body as the long white worm of the sack trailed behind.

As many as 200 pickers would descend on a field. By nightfall it was plucked clean, and wagon after wagon had been tracted to the gin, the machine that separates the seed hulls and other material from the cotton. The field would be empty until the "second picking" if there was one, which only meant migrants had to work harder for less money among the thinned-out bolls.

A good picker could make those white bolls fly. A decent average was 200 pounds a day, or 40,000 pounds ginned per 200 pickers — unless my arithmetic is off. I missed a lot of school to pick cotton, never graduating from my Oklahoma high school but finishing my education in the Army.

The labor it took to pick 200 pounds was excruciating — I won't describe it for fear you'll develop sympathy pains. The paycheck for a dawn-to-dusk sashay down the rows was about \$3. At 6, on my first try, I picked about 11 pounds, for which Dad gave me a penny. In those days of one-cent Baby Ruths, I was satisfied, but upon looking back I wonder where all those guardians of child labor laws were in 1939.

Any ex-cotton picker knows there's a big difference between "pickin'" cotton and "pullin'" bolls. The former calls for removing only the fluffy seed-laden boll from the five-clawed



burr that holds it. The burr is born of a thick green cone-shaped boll ideal for "cottonboll fights" among growing boys. But since Sunday was our only day off, and we preferred splashing in irrigation ditches, such skirmishes were rare.

The green bolls burst open at the first touch of frost, soon drying into the white puff now ginned, but formerly de-seeded by hand for thousands of years. Some researchers say

cotton was known in Mexico 5,700 years ago, but I play it safe and blame the ancients of India. It's known that they grew it 3,000 years before Christ.

As I grew older, I developed into a surveyor, standing up to ease my aching back and surveying the miles of rows still to go. Dad responded by becoming a big league pitcher, taking aim and zinging a green boll at my erect form. Whether it hit — and hurt — or not, the message was clear: Get to work!

Picking cotton is painful because gloves can't be worn as they can for boll-pulling. The clawlike burrs and acidic sap crack fingers open. Like everyone's, mine bled. The Noxzema people made plenty off us. Pulling bolls is easier. Pullers yank burr and all — along with as many leaves and twigs as they can get away with. It is the trashiest way to harvest cotton and it paid less. My parents, now in their 60s, say we got 50 cents per hundred pounds for picked cotton (half a day's work or more) and less than half that for boll-pulling. That was in 1939.

Legend had it that a super-picker could "pick a bale of cotton a day." Forget it, says my dad. Not even John Henry could've done it. An extremely good puller could top 1,100 pounds, while an athletic picker might reach 600 pounds. A bale of cotton weighs 1,500 pounds. And remember, those were 16-hour days!

But we did have "in-patch" rivalries to offset the deadly boredom of boll-pulling. It was something to see

men snaking grimly down the rows, racing with packed sacks to the weigh-wagon, and running (yes, *running!*) up the skinny, wavering ladders to dump and "tromp down" the bolls.

"Attaboy, Marvin!" the people would yell, or, "Get *after* him, Jake!" Betting and banter were brisk.

We were mainly amateur migrants since we returned to Oklahoma after each season and sharecropped. We came back to the cotton patch when, as was often the case, there was no crop to share. But in the 1930s and 1940s thousands made their living by gypsying from migrant camp to migrant camp — and some of these settlements would make Viet Nam refugee camps look like the Hilton. They got so bad — infested with filth, rats, and cockroaches — the government finally stepped in. The worst season I spent was in a camp near Lamesa, Texas, in 1949. We dwelt in a one-room, plank-sided shack with no electricity. We kids slept on pallets on the floor, and each cold dawn my old man would holler, "Get up and fix a far, Bill!" Shivering in my long-johns, I crawled from the blankets to start a "far" in the rusty tin stove. That stove was our sole source of heat — for both warmth and cooking.

Cotton pickers were of all nationalities, and for the most part got along well. There was an air of "We're all in this together" that surmounted all but the most ignorant prejudices. The usual words denoting race were banished now and then, but Mexicans, Negros, Chinese, Japanese and Filipi-

nos had just as rich a store of such titles as did the Caucasians. My own particular cognomen was "po' white trash," and since the brogan fit, I wore it. It's hard to act superior when you pull a cotton sack just as patched and faded as your neighbor's.

Kids of any color always got along, for the simple reason we used the precious little free time we got for fun, not fighting. We did crazy things in the name of nerve, though, like holding our breaths while rushing water

swept us through 12-foot long, 15-inch irrigation pipes! No fat kids ever tried that one — but then the only fat kids belonged to the rich cotton growers.

The world produces more than 50 million bales of cotton a year, with America the leader, and the crop is now almost all machine-harvested. But from 1939 to 1950, the years my family contributed to T-shirts and dimity dresses, all cotton was picked by hand. I have had many jobs in my



life, some of them hard work, indeed, but nothing I have ever done was as back-breaking and bone-wearying as those endless days under a broiling sun. My back hurts just thinking about it.

We beat the sun by wearing "poke bonnets" stitched around cardboard slats on Mom's foot-powered machine. Men got to wear straw hats, but we boys had to walk around feeling like — ugh — *girls*.

Pickers tried to hit the fields before sunrise. This was not just to beat the heat, but to get in a little cheating. Dew makes cotton weigh heavier, so that first sack of dew-drenched bolls was worth 20 or 30 cents more than the same amount weighed dry. Some pickers even weighed mudcaked sacks if the weighmaster wasn't watching. We never thought of this as swindling. It was our "bonus" — since we knew from past experience that no grower would ever give us one. With men waiting to be hired, it was nothing to be fired, and field-workers' unions were still decades in the future. Cotton pickers were pretty low on the social scale; the big growers exploited us, and that was that. As Dad told me recently, "People who always talk about the good old days never worked where I did."

Cotton, the most important textile fiber in the world, meant only aches to me — headaches from smelling it and backaches from picking it. Small wonder that when Dad explained what boll weevils did when I was 10, I collected dozens of the hooknosed little beetles

and turned them loose among the cotton rows. "Get out there and *eat*, you little buggers," I muttered gleefully.

But their appetites weren't big enough or they ran afoul of DDT, because we were still dragging our sacks down the rows weeks later. My vacation plan had come a cropper.

One broiling day in Texas in 1950, the last year my family harvested the genus *Gossypium* as a unit (I escaped into the Army in 1951), I was yanking at the stubborn bolls, wishing my 18th birthday would hurry and come, when there came a whirring and clanking from the field next to us — a noise like a factory flying apart. Dozens of boll-pullers stood up and looked. Seeming to float on its own dust cloud, a huge machine resembling a rickety vacuum cleaner was roaring down the rows. There were excited shouts and finger pointings from the pickers, who knew they were seeing something rare.

"At thang's a-pickin' *cotton!*" hollered one man, removing his straw hat and scratching a sunpeeled head.

The man next to him snorted. "You mean it's a *wreckin'* cotton," he said. In truth, those early strippers did poorly, but by 1967 mechanical cotton pickers were so improved they harvested 95 per cent of the crop.

A gnarled old Mexican next to me stared long and hard as the machine rumbled out of sight. Then he looked at me, his face solemn, and bent once more to his rows.

It was a silent signal for the end of an era. □



Tree Trucks

I thought you would like to see a photograph of my 1930 and 1980 Ford pickups. Both are used for hauling firewood on my tree farm.

Peter K. Christensen
Racine, Wisconsin



Dandie Brandee

Enclosed is a photo of Brandee, our Dandie Dinmont terrier. When she goes riding in our Pinto Runabout, she wears her Ford cap and gets a lot of smiles from pedestrians and people in other cars. The Runabout is her favorite car, although she enjoys riding in our LTD, too.

Mrs. Marjolet J. Duffin
Portage, Indiana



High Mark From Former Teacher

Dorothy Beecher Artes' story "Land o' the Livin', Monterey Monticello!" in your February issue was excellent. I read it twice, then I gave the issue to my son and his family. I am a retired high school English teacher and librarian, and I think *Ford Times* is tops. Each issue has great stories.

Mrs. Samuel L. Smith
Edmonton, Kentucky

A Real Travel Magazine

I enjoy reading *Ford Times* each month. It really gets around in California. My daughter in Lafayette sends her copy to me. I read it and send it to my cousin in Visalia, and she reads it and sends it to her brother in Sonoma.

Mrs. George F. Brooks
Richmond, California



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